

Self-Murder:

Or,

An Episcopal-Doctor murdering his own Reputation in a Pamphlet, called, *Self-Condernnation*, in pursuance of the Debate in the Shop.

Doctor,

ERE I atack you in my *mode of velitation*, I must needs premise a Caution, lest I run the risque of being reputed as *Pedantick*, as you are *Arrogant*: Therefore I frankly own that I have advisedly put this *Lucubration* in such a dress as best suits your Desert, and is somewhat *Homo-geneous* with your blustering way; being in my Opinion the most proper Method to treat & match your *Doctor-ship*: And if it prove the fate of this Paper to Incurr the Imputation of Foolishness, it will alleviate my resentment, that I am not alone obnoxious to this Censure, having so grand a Doctor fully exposing his own Foolishness: But pray, *Master Doctor*, bear with me a little in my *personated Folly*, seeing you would have the World bear with your *real unmasked Fatuity*.

When I read your Pamphlet, called *Self-Condernnation*, I was plunged into a deep Demurr, whether to pass any Censure on it or not, it so evidently and effectually proclaimeth your pitifull Weaknesses: But your unparalleled *Self-conceit* and *Vanity* is so intollerable, that I was ev'n tempted *nolens volens* to force my *Genius* to make a sudden fallie, in telling the World over again *cum nota*, what your self have told notably enough to my hand, *viz.* that you are a most *impudent Braggadocio*: For verification of which Charge, I shall not extravagance without the *Sphere* of your own flanting print, every *Page* and *Paragraph* thereof contributing a Line for drawing the Picture of a *vain-glorious Thrafs*: *tua verba, tibi verbera*, therefore do I intitle you, a *Self-murderer*; and this is the province I undertake here, even to produce testimony from your self proving your *prodigious Arrogance*.

Page 33. says our Doctor, His Mock-answer ministered an occasion to me, to tell him, I knew and had seen the Writings of their most famous Authors, I had write against them, I could Answer all their Arguments, and knew more of the Controversie than all of them; this I said, and this I own, and I hope it will not be reputed *Vanity* in me, &c.

It is only the *Quintessence* of *Vanity*, and *Foolrie in Folio*! Was there ever such a piece of *Pageantrie* pencil'd by a Doctor's pen? Was there ever such *histrionick Impudence* unmasked? I am almost tempted to say that in stead of the *Doctor's Cap*; *Hood and Bells* would better become you: And however you *Tantalize* your self with the hopes that this your palpable *Arrogance* will not be reputed *Vanity*, Yet I doubt nothing but with Men of Temper and Sagacity it will be reckoned *barefac'd Insolence*; and sure I am the *Wiseft of Men* calls it no less than *desperate Folly*, Prov. 26. 12. And besides, your fancying this your *Vanity*, to be no *Vanity*, is a *Dream* equivalent with that of the old Philosopher *Anaxagoras*, who *Paradoxically* enough averred that *Snow was black*. Hence at your own *Leasure*, Doctor, read *Isa.* 5. 20, 21.

Ibid. Says he, I may be pardoned to alledge, I can, when I apply my self to it, search to the bottom of a particular Controversie.

O Bottomless *Bravado*! I perceive, Doctor, you are a jolly good *Ducker*, and sure also no ill *Swimmer*: Certainly there is no judicious Reader, who adverts to this *volatil Bragg*, but will say, the Man's tumide Pate is swimming full of *Mercurial Atomes* and *Maggots*, that whirle him now & then into dismal *Deliriums*: Indeed Doctor you have need of a Doze of *Hellebor* to drive out these *vertiginous Phantasms*, that fash your noyed Noddle so sadly: And if once the Operation had searched to the bottom of your Brains to work out the Sediment of your Disease, how easily soever others might pardon your *Insolence*, the hardest matter of all would be to obtain a Pardon from your self, for your temerarious *Impudence* and *Imprudence*.

Page 43. You see (says he) I can prove anything I list against you.

Ay, if your Antagonist had had on your *Spectacles*, he would have seen it the better: It's great pity, Doctor, but you were sent into *Lapland* or the *Indies* to make *Profelytes*, you have such a non-such irrefragable Art of Arguing; no doubt you would *dilemmatize* them at the first gird, and bring them into such a bottomless *Bocardo*, that, were *Aristotle* himself alive, he should not be able to extricate them, nor no body else, but your *mighty self*, providing only, the Humour took you, to apply your self to it. But, Doctor, so long as you are yet here, take care you prove not your self a *Fool in Print*, which may marr the blessing of your being sent a *Missionarie* on so glorious an Expedition.

Page 46. Says he, All present in the Shop saw and knew he could not hold up with me.

Small wonder, Doctor, for, as you tell us your self pag 32, you are a *Tale-man*, and consequently makes wide steps; Yea, I fancy, you are a man of such unusual *Dimensions*, that none knows either your height, or your depth. As for your height, you insinuate your self, pag. 23. You can reach above the Clouds, & fetch down *Illumination* to cause the Scales of more than *Cimmerian* darkness fall from your *Antagonist's* Eyes. And as for your depth, we have heard you can duck down to the bottom of a Controversie, when you apply your self to it, page 33. And again, Doctor, I believe you very well, that not only all present in the Shop, but any where else, may see your *Antagonist* cannot hold up with you; For, I reckon you to be *nemini secundus* for Banter & Vanity, but rather, as to this peerless Property, to be *Thrasone Thrasonior ipso*: And moreover I think that man so much the *Wiser*, the further he keeps from following your steps: Yet, Doctor, I must say't here, how hard soever your hap is like to be in vanquishing others, I allow you to sett up a *Trophie* of Victory for Conquering me to be your *Profelyte*; because, I profess, I sone with your sentiment intirely well as to the main Point in Controversie; for you have convinced me sufficiently that there is an *Imparity among Pastors*, for if all were *Head-apeers* with your sublimated Wisdom, *Wonderfull!* what a sad Sett of *Clergy* should we have? the *wisest Clerks* sure, in *Christendome*.

Page 47. Says he (*ore retundo*) In the beginning of my *Imparity among Pastors*, I propose my Arguments, that they may be considered by those of the *Presbyterian persuasion*, and I humbly desire the Commission of the late Assembly, or any subsequent Assembly, to take them to task, and if this be in a manner, bidding *Defiance* to them, be it so: but that he may understand, his Menaces do no wise discourage me, I desire, says he, in like humble manner (I wish, Doctor, you be not see with your double Humilities) the whole General Assembly, may be pleased to take them to Task, or recommend them to others: Nay, I desire all their Party convened in *Kirk-Sessions*, *Presbyteries*, *Synods*, and *General Assemblies*, to do me the like Kindness, if they please, &c. they may try my Arguments, if they will, and perhaps come off, as you have done, in this your Mock Edition.

Well cracked, Doctor, such an audacious Challenge becomes a man of your *Mettal*, and you deserve to be *Canonized* for your *Courage*, as much as ever *Saint George* for his *Valour* in killing the *Dragon*; But, Doctor, mind ye not an old Proverb, *toom Barrels make most din*, which may be pately enough applied to thir your *Bombastick Brags*: However amidst our *Rhodomontads*, let me have one serious Word with you; I'm really afraid you are *Hypocondrick*, or bitten with the *Tarantula*; for it's not reasonably to be supposed that a Man of *Common-sense* in his right Wits would Transgress all bounds of *Sobriety* so far, as to Print such *arrogant stuff*; who but a *vain-glorious Thrafs* would so impudently give Challenge to *Assemblies*.

blies, Commissions, Synods, &c. to enter the Lists of Disputation with him? Surely an Assembly, or their Commission would have little ado, if they should take your loose-headed Whimsies in Task, otherwise than on the account of your Folly and Arrogance, to depose you from the Ministry, as being a stain to that venerable Profession: And methinks your own Partie should, for the Credit of their Cause, Disprove and Censure you for usurping to set up for the Patron and prime Propagator thereof; Yea, and I am informed, Doctor, that some of the wiser Heads of your own Gang, reckon you but a flanting Gouk.

I offer another pregnant proof of your Doctorships impotent Insolence, page 33. You brag of your Writings against Principal Rule, Mr. Durham, the London Assembly Ministers, Mr. Jameson, Mr. Thomas Forrester, and particularly that ye have refuted Mr. Forrester's Arguments, and you infer, by what is said, I may seem to be no Novice in this Controversie.

Strange Solidity! vauntinglie to tell the World of such and such of his Writings against Authors in Print, and that he hath refuted them too, and yet at the same time to tell, all these his Learned Lucubrations, are still dormant in Manuscript: Can they be refuted otherwise than in his own dreaming Fancie? Is he not both Judge and Partie alone? Can there be plainer vain-glorious, Self-conceitedness, than thus to be puffed up with the imaginarie mightie Feates of his Learning, that none hath access to know but himself, what is this but to be *Immodicus proprii Fastator honoris*: as says Claudian. But further, doth he not by this airie Stratagem, form to himself men of hay and straw, and then fall a thrashing them when he hath done, and after all triumph, as ever did Caesar, or Scipio. Such Chimerical Speculations become Bedlam better than a Doctors head: This puts me in mind of a People called Pysylli, who imagining the Wind was injurious to them, would needs wage War against *Aeolus*: These sillie Pysylli, in point of Prudentials, were much about a biffid with our valorous Doctor.

I cannot pass yet another Reflection on the Doctor's Learning, as it labours of a Tympanie of Vanitie, so it hath another unluckie Fault (& speciallie this is Criminal in a Divine) that it hath little tendencie to Edification, for my part my plumbeous pate can observe nothing in his Pamphlet that smells this way, saving one considerable passage indeed, which I must do him the Justice to commemorate, speciallie seeing he humbly conceives, Page 30, it will not be unedifying to the Reader: The matter is this, that Rencountering with a Quaker, he conjur'd and cudgell'd the Evil Spirit out of him, by the Magick of a Metaphorical Ellwand, which nettled the bumbaz'd Quaker so desperatlie, that he had no way to escape the dint of his Herculean Club, but by calling it a Carnal Argument: But, as I was saying before, that for his exquisit skill in Argumentation, he should be sent to the Indies to make Profelytes; so now I am established in my Opinion; for I perceive he hath the Gift of working Miracles too.

But our Doctor seems to be worse natur'd to the Presbyterians, than to the Quakers, for he takes but Ell-wands to the Quakers, but he would be at taking Horns to the Presbyterians; for he tells us, Page 19, I had rather turn an horn'd Ox, ere I turn'd Presbyterian: But, pray Doctor, If ye had your wish (as Jo the daughter of Inachus was by Jupiter turn'd into a Cow) to be turn'd into an horn'd Ox, what would ye do with your horns? I fancy, I'm no much out in my guess, that (as ye speak of the Presbyterian Spurs, Page 43. that they are not pointed with Steel, but Leed) ye would ev'n point your horns, not with Leed, but Steel, and tofs and pull every Presbyterian comes in your gate: Yea and your declared spight and disgust at Presbyterians is so keen, that it may be fear'd you might be tempted to wish not only to be a horn'd Ox, but to be Phalaris Bull, which would chastise them Luckie as sensibly as either boots or thummikins, which, by the way, were among the hardi-

est of your arguments, in the Days of yore, against the Presbyterians; And therefore they have all the reason of the world to do their utmost to prevent such Bulls of Baschan, as you are, from ever having power to push at them again; it's within memorie, since they found the like of you, horn'd Beasts indeed.

As for your Paper-Combat with your Shop-Antagonist, I will not meddle with you, ye are Divines and Ministers, tractent *fabrilia fabri*; divide the spoil betwixt you, he's of age, and can speak for himself: And I am nothing doubtfull but in point of sober and solid disputation, he will be match for you, and more, though (to give you your due, Doctor) I think you will warr and vanquish him another way, and so make all oddseven, to wit, by bold banter, Satyrick Invektives, scurrilous Sarcasms, and Matchiavellian Calumnies, which are the weapons of your warfare, and wherein, I perceive, your Strength & Talent most lies, especiallie when you apply your self to it; So I leave this part to him, to chastise & mortifie you in his own way; though I think indeed he hath need both of *Argo's eyes*, and *Briarius hands*, that hath to do with such a formidable, Multiform Enemy, as you are; for we just now heard of you under the shape of a horned Beast, and you tell us page 47, that you are a bold Lyon: and page 43, that you are an old Tyke that bites sore. I wish he be not frighted out of his wits when he sees you playing your proteous Pranks, for who can keep Courage against your Horns, Claws, and Tusks? But to my purpose again, my province was to discover how you Murder your own Reputation, by exposing your Arrogance and Vanity in contemning Assemblies, Synods, and all Presbyterians; as likewise in magnifying your self so Hyperbolically and Insolentlie, which none that has a mouthfull of Mother-wit will do: for *omnis arrogans, fatuus*.

In fine, I have been indulging my Doctor-like humour to take vent a little, now I'll turn some wiser, and presume to give you two Advices, one from the mouth of a wise Pagan, *Nescit teipsum*; and the other from a prudent Christian, *desine grande loqui*. I beseech you, Doctor, as you consult your own Reputation for the future, supercede to appear in Print, for you are not luckie that way, *ex quo vis ligno non fit Mercurius*, and it had been your Happiness that your two Pamphlets, anent the Debate in the Shop, had been yet Dormant among your mightie Manuscripts, which have not seen the Light; But seeing: *nescit vox missa reverti*, the next best Course, I think, you can take, is either, ev'n to tye both your Prints and Manuscripts in one Bundle, and commit them to the clofs Custody of the ruddie Flames, or else send them to a Tobacco-shop, where they may serve their Generation luckie better than in a Stationers.

I am somewhat apprehensive this Attack may raise a mighty Storm in your Stomack, and perhaps have the operation of a Vomiter, to provoke you to Disgorge some of your *Serpentin-choler*; but whatever *Rhodomontados* you may come to vent in one of your Lunatick-fits, I am resolved not to regard them (*surdocantabis Amice*) but ev'n to let you speak to the Man in the Moon: For I think this a sufficient Shield against all you can belch forth, that your Tongue is no Slander.

Now, Doctor, I have done with you, and refers to all who have perused your flanting Pamphlets, to Judge if this be not a far more agreeable way of Answering you, than for an Assembly of Divines to take your unanswerable Arguments to Task, who certainly have Matters of greater Moment to mind, than Domitian-like to fall a daubing at the Flees of your volatill Fancies, which to an Intelligent Considering Reader, are none other than Sophisms and Pageantrie: So that these glorious Monuments of your Ingenious Learning may with sound of Trumpet be Proclaimed to be

— non digna Cedro, sed flumine Lethes.

POSTSCRIPT.

I Hope the Candid Reader, who hath read the Doctors Pamphlet (Self-condemnation) will favourably construe my design is good. Prov. 26.5. for I most ingeniously profess it was not without a conflict of Scruples and Reluctancy (not in regard of the Doctor indeed) that I extorted of my self a liberty to treat him as I have done: and if any Object that this is not a proper or habil way of Answering his Arguments, I return hereunto that considering his vain-glorious Brags and airie Humor, this may be construed the fittest way to retaliat him, and neither thought I fit officiously to thrust my Sickle into anothers Harvest, who is specially concerned to Answer his Arguments and I hope will do it to Purpose; moreover there is new come abroad a Pamphlet called, An Essay for Peace that handles the very Theme in Controversie betwixt him and his Antagonist, and that excellently well, which I recomend to the Doctor's serious Perusal: but after all that is said, or can be said, he is so Head-bound that I fear his obstinate Self-conceit may still remain with him.

2d edit 1703

